

## CARNOT MURDERED

President of the French Republic Stabbed by an Italian.

## DEED DONE IN THE STREET

Seated in His Carriage the Assassin's Knife Reached Him.

## THOUGHT TO BE AN ANARCHIST

Narrow Escape of the Dastard from Lynching by the Infuriated People—Almost a Panic at the Theater Where M. Carnot Was Expected to Attend a Performance in His Honor—Women Screamed and Fainted and Men Rushed Out Without Their Hats—All Lyons Plunged in Grief Over the Disgrace That Has Fallen Upon The City.

Francis Marie Sadi-Carnot, President of the French Republic, was assassinated about 10 o'clock last night, on his way to the theater in Lyons, France. His assassin was Cesare Giovanni Santeo, an Italian, who was immediately captured. Santeo was barely saved from death at the hands of the infuriated populace. President Carnot died shortly after midnight this morning.

Lyons, June 24.—The most intense excitement has been caused everywhere in France by what will probably prove a successful attempt to assassinate President Carnot.

To describe the excitement in this city would almost be impossible. The President was visiting Lyons in connection with the international exhibition. Upon his arrival here he was tendered a reception at the Prefecture, after which he visited the exhibition. After spending some time at the exhibition he proceeded to the Palais de Commerce, where a banquet was given in his honor.

At 9:25 o'clock to-night President Carnot started for the theater, where a gala performance was to be given because of his presence in the city. Several carriages were in the procession, the first one being occupied by the President.

M. Carnot's carriage was driven slowly along in front of the Palais de Commerce, and then turned into Rue de la Republique, still following the facade of the palace. When half way down the street, which was lined with enthusiastic crowds of people who were loudly cheering, a man rushed out of the crowd and sprang upon the step of the President's landau.

Just at this moment M. Carnot was waving his right hand and saluting with his hat in his left hand, in response to the ovation that was being given to him by the crowd. The people close to the carriage saw that the man standing on the step had a knife in his hand. By the flash of the electric lights they saw the bright blade gleaming in the air as the assassin's arm descended, and then President Carnot was seen to fall back in his seat, his head striking the roof of the carriage. The crowd around the carriage swelled to enormous proportions, every member of it seemingly intent upon killing the assassin.

M. Rivaud, prefect of Lyons, who was seated beside M. Carnot in the same carriage, was assailed by a blow from the face and knocked him from the step, thus preventing the man from again stabbing the President, which it was his evident intention to do.

Instantly cries of "Le President est assassiné!" "Mort à l'assassin!" were heard on every side, and the electric lights they saw the carriage swelled to enormous proportions, every member of it seemingly intent upon killing the assassin.

Blows rained upon the assassin. He was aimed at his face and head over the shoulders of the police, who had by this time arrived, and many of the blows landed fairly. At last the police succeeded in driving the howling mob back a foot or so from the carriage, and the captive away was a physical impossibility.

In the mean time the news of the attempted murder had spread with lightning-like rapidity, and the police were struggling to preserve the life of the assassin. With drawn sabres in their hands the guards rode down the street, the news of the assassination caused great excitement at the Grand Theater, which was filled to the walls by the elite of the city. The police prevented a riot, the hands of the police were being off by the cry of the many military officers present.

All were waiting with impatience the arrival of the President, and all were unable to understand the delay. Suddenly a man entered the theater, crying at the top of his voice, "The President has been assassinated!" The most intense excitement followed this abrupt announcement. Women screamed and fainted, and many men were rushing out of the building to see the news. They found all the streets leading to the palace filled with excited throngs, and in a few minutes they were convinced that the report of the cowardly attempt upon the life of the President was true.

Checkers turned to criers. Suddenly through the throng sped a landau conveying Adrien Dupuy, a brother of Prime Minister Dupuy, Deputy Chaudry, and Prefect Rivaud, the crowd falling away before it as it dashed into the Rue de la Republique.

public, preceded by four mounted gendarmes. The crowd thinking now that the report of the assassination was untrue, and that the President was only making a tour of the city, shouted "Vive Carnot!" "Vive la République!"

The carriage was stopped and Mm. Chaudry and Rivaud in tremulous voices said: "Don't shout. The President has been the victim of an outrage." The cheers were instantly turned to curses, and many and loud were the cries of vengeance.

The landau proceeded to the theater, where Mm. Rivaud and Chaudry went to the President's box. As soon as they were seen the whole audience rose, and amid profound silence M. Rivaud said in a voice broken with sobs, "The President has just been assassinated!"

TERRIBLE OUTBURST OF FURY. This announcement was received with a terrible explosion of fury, as the audience, when the first report of the assassination was received had, though greatly excited, generally discredited it. The theater resounded with shouts of "Mort à l'assassin!" and cries for vengeance upon him.

When silence was in a measure restored M. Rivaud continued: "In the Rue de la Republique a murderer, under the pretext of presenting a petition, stabbed M. Carnot with a dagger."

M. Rivaud was again interrupted with shouts of "Death to the murderer!" "Revenge!" "Revenge!"

Waving his hand for silence M. Rivaud again spoke, saying: "Do not make any mistake. The assassin is Cesare Giovanni Santeo, an Italian, who was immediately captured. Santeo was barely saved from death at the hands of the infuriated populace. President Carnot died shortly after midnight this morning."

INTERNAL REMOVED FROM THE THEATRE. After examining the President's wound all the physicians in attendance upon him agreed that an operation was necessary, whereupon Dr. Ollier immediately probed the wound. While this was being done M. Carnot came to his senses and spoke, but distinctly: "How are you hurting me?"

The doctors, however, continued to attend the wound, the outward bleeding of which had ceased. Santeo, who was taken from his carriage and placed on a bed in the prefecture, nobody but the doctors and the officers of his military household who had accompanied him to Lyons were allowed to enter the room to which he had been carried.

THE ASSASSIN AN ITALIAN. Cesare Giovanni Santeo, the assassin, is a beardless young man, 20 or 25 years old. When arrested he was attired in a brown suit, and wore a peaked cap that matched the suit in color.

As he marched under his police guard from the Rue de la Republique to the prefecture he held his head down, but his eyes glared furiously around as though he was seeking an opportunity to escape from his captors. To the prefecture he was conveyed, and was placed in the height of fotheadiness, unless he desired to commit suicide, for there is not the slightest doubt that he had got away from the prefecture by a detour, and that he would have been taken from him by the crowd, whose every action showed that they were thirsting for his blood.

When the police reached the Place des Cordeliers they were obliged to stop while the landau, in which were Gen. Borius, the prefect, the mayor, and the wounded President, escorted by a detachment of mounted guards on a gallop, was driven rapidly past them en route to the prefecture. The President's carriage, followed closely behind, entered a third carriage, in which were M. Rivaud, ex-minister of finance, and Senator Millard. On arriving at the prefecture Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor alighted.

BLOOD-STAIN JUST OVER THE HEART. President Carnot lay motionless and unconscious upon the cushions of the carriage. His eyes were closed. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, and his shirt, on which the bright red cord of the Legion of Honor was conspicuous, was covered on the left side, just over the heart, by a large blood-stain that extended to the hip. It was impossible to tell from his appearance whether he was dead or alive.

The crowd surged about in the vicinity of the carriage, but the mounted guards and the foot police held them in check some distance from the landau in which the President was lying. The crowd, however, was not for the President and anger at his assassin. Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor, assisted by a number of attendants, lifted M. Carnot from the carriage and carried him to the first floor of the prefecture, and laid him on a bed. Dr. Galliot, who is mayor of Lyons, then remained by the side of the President.

SANTEO REFUSES TO STATE HIS MOTIVE. Santeo, who speaks French badly, when questioned by Prefect Leprieux at the police station in Rue Molliere, said he had lived at Certe, department of Herault, for the past six months, and had only come to Lyons to-day. He gave his age as 22 years. His replies were given coolly but without any sign of bravado. He refused to answer any of the many questions put to him regarding his motive for stabbing the President, declaring that on this subject he would speak only before a court of law.

When he was searched by the police a book was found in one of his pockets in which was written a list of names born in a village in the province of Lombardy.

DEATH ENDED ALL. Shortly after midnight the archbishop of Lyons was summoned to the bedside of the dying President to administer to him the last rites of the church. He was in the room but a short time when he emerged and retired to an adjoining room. Here he remained until 12:30 o'clock, when he was again summoned to him the sacrament.

M. Carnot remained conscious to the last. He realized that his life was rapidly ebbing, and he turned to his wife and said: "My friends are here, Monsieur Le President."

M. Carnot replied: "I am grateful for their presence, and in less than a minute he gasped for breath. There was a convulsive shuddering of his body, and the President of France was dead.

ITALIANS TURNED BY THE MOB. It was thought that the entire population of the city was in the streets when the attack upon the President was made, but this belief later proved erroneous, for as the night advanced the crowds were constantly augmenting their strength.

After the attack upon the Italian cafes the disorderly element among the crowd devoted their attention to the Italians whom they found upon the streets. Several of these men were pursued by the mob and barely escaped with their lives. The police were extraordinarily vigilant, had great difficulty in rescuing the hunted men.

Both sides of the Rue de la Republique were closed and guarded by troops. M. Carnot's last speech was delivered at the banquet given in his honor. He dwelt upon the success of the exhibition, and said that the same heart beats in all French breasts when it is known the honor, security, or rights of the country are at stake. This same union of all Frenchmen formed a guarantee of the march toward progress and justice, to which he belonged to France to give an example to the world.

ANTI-ITALIAN RIOTS FEARED. Immediately after the death of M. Carnot, Prime Minister Dupuy started on his return to Paris to officially announce the news to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. After M. Carnot had been taken to the prefecture it became generally known that his assassin was an Italian, and the feeling of deep indignation among the crowd kept them in the form of attacks upon cafes kept by Italians in Lyons. The cafes and places, in the vicinity of the Palais de Commerce, were totally wrecked by the infuriated mob. French flags, which were in abundance, were then procured by the crowd, and with cries of "Down with the foreigners," "Out with them," hundreds of men and boys marched to the Rue de la Republique, in which street the Italian consulate is situated. There is no doubt that the consulate would have been sacked had it not been for the prompt action of the police, who stopped the crowd and compelled its members to disperse.

The excitement continued at fever heat, and it would take very little to precipitate bloody anti-Italian riots. All over the city threats are made to take summary vengeance upon the countrymen of Santeo, and the authorities, fearing that they might be made to suffer the same fate, ordered bodies of cuirassiers to patrol the city to prevent an outbreak. "I beg the troops are greeted with cries of 'Vive la République!'"

CONSTERNATION IN PARIS. Many People Believe Santeo's Deed to Have Been an Act of Revenge. Paris, June 24.—The first news of the attempt upon the life of President Carnot was received in this city with many expressions of doubt, but later when dispatches began to pour in describing in detail the act of the assassin, doubt could no longer prevail. Then came the brief dispatch announcing that M. Carnot was dead. To describe the varied emotions that filled the minds of the Parisians would be impossible. In many instances the emotions were seen to the representatives of the Associated Press were too much overcome by the suddenness of the disaster to express any opinion as to the result that would follow the death of the assassin.

Telegrams expressing the deepest regret at the death of the President were received from all points. Officials were charged with grief from his political enemies. President Carnot, under the great class outside of the officials nothing but deep sorrow and indignation at the cowardly blow that had deprived France of her executive. In the cafes and everywhere men congregated and speculation was rife as to the motive that had prompted the crime.

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## THEIR MOTIVES ARE BASE

Rev. Alexander Kent States His Opinion of Some Newspapers.

## NOT USED FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD

The Press as a Political and Social Weather Vane: The Subject of His Sermon—Making Money by Catering to Corporations. Wall Street's Latest Attempt.

The average independent newspaper has, in the opinion of the Rev. Alexander Kent, of the People's Church, become a servant to corporations, trusts, and the like. He believes that their motives are simply based on money-making and not for the good of the public. These statements of his belief and also criticisms on recent editorials in a local paper formed the groundwork for his sermon yesterday morning at Typographical Hall. His subject was: "The press as a political and social weather vane."

"The weather vane," said he, in opening his discourse, "is simply a device for revealing, not determining the direction of the wind."

"The press appears to be to the world of thought and feeling in our day what the weathercock was to the world of action in the past. It reveals the movements of the social atmosphere and is the social weather vane."

"The current of thought and feeling should be gotten. If any where in the great and professedly independent metropolitan dailies—the papers whose chief business it confessedly is to raise money for their owners, and whose thought as it once was not to make money out of it by reflecting it and catering to it in the most taking and popular manner. These papers are now, in fact, the most popular and the most influential of the day, and tell us always how the wind is blowing, not in their particular locality only, but in the larger and wider areas of the social atmosphere."

"They would be very true if they were not their business interests more directly and largely subservient at times by diverging from the truth, and by catering to the passions of the great syndicate, trust, corporation, or class desiring to educate the people in a certain direction, in which case it employs these supposed independent and Christian writers to do its dirty work. Of course, they must not appear as the organs of this body. They must seem at least to be true to the people."

"But whatever the scheme of legal plunder or robbery such trust, corporation, or class desire to have furthered, it is only necessary to make the business of furthering it sufficiently profitable to the average paper to secure its advocacy of such scheme, and that is the interest of the very people it professes to serve."

In support of these assertions Mr. Kent dwelt upon the efforts made by Wall Street through leading papers to secure a new issue of bonds.

"The regularity with which certain stereotyped editorials appeared in these papers, the persistence with which the bond issue was urged as a measure of salvation, and the fact that all go to show either that these papers were patriotic enough to stand for personal convictions at the cost of popular favor, or that they were the organs of a powerful and influential class, and that they were not the organs of the people."

"In a similar vein he spoke of the movement of the money power to bring the country to a standstill, and to increase the purchasing power through the demonetizing of silver and the contraction of the currency. He stated that agents furnished the newspapers with material for the campaign, and he warned publishing the same. "From one end of this country to the other," he remarked, "the money power is working to bring the country to a standstill, and to increase the purchasing power through the demonetizing of silver and the contraction of the currency. He stated that agents furnished the newspapers with material for the campaign, and he warned publishing the same."

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"From one end of this country to the other," he remarked, "the money power is working to bring the country to a standstill, and to increase the purchasing power through the demonetizing of silver and the contraction of the currency. He stated that agents furnished the newspapers with material for the campaign, and he warned publishing the same."

## "There is not," he remarked, "a single indictment in the professor's arraignment of our political, industrial, and judicial methods that is not based on the same principle of expediency, and by evidence, too, for that matter, furnished from time to time in facts and figures, and commented upon in the editorial columns of the Post. When the Post charges the professor with teaching that 'courts are the cradles of tyranny and law an instrument' it charges what the very language it quotes ought to show it is false. The professor's argument is not against courts, nor against law, but against those methods of administration that so commonly obtain in both. If the memory of the Post had not been so conveniently short it would have recalled the fact that only a short time had elapsed since its own editorial columns had attacked the court of South Carolina and advocated disregard of decisions. It would have recalled the fact, however, on this occasion, that the professor was not a blatant anarchist, and an enemy of the courts and the law. But it would have been a good deal fairer than the course which the Post has seen fit to pursue in regard to the utterances of Prof. Herron. 'There can be no doubt,' says the Post, 'as to the character of the professor with reference to such a teacher.' We do not want our youth misguided by pernicious counsel even if we are willing to nourish the enemies of society. No more do we want our youth misguided by a venal press, and if society were only alive to its own interests and duty, it is not generally under the same miserable motives that rule the editor's pen, or the general dropping of the pen."

Mr. Kent concluded with the statement that the time must come when a more elevated press with higher ethical purposes, "The great trouble," he said, "is that those whose financial interests are wrapped up in the present injustice and greed have a undue share in the wealth of the country, and are therefore able to command and to shape the press as others are not."

IT CANNOT BE DESTROYED. Voltaire and Tom Paine Could Not Neutralize the Bible's Influence.

"Who Wrote the Bible?" was the question discussed last evening by Rev. J. H. McCarty, acting pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. church.

"I do not believe in merely perfunctory assertions," said Dr. McCarty. "I do not indulge in sensation. The theme selected includes so much that I can merely glance at it. But here is the Bible. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This is the Bible, the Bible of the ages. It is to-day found almost everywhere, in every house in the civil and Christian world. It is the Bible of the ages, and we can scarcely trace its history. Yet it has a history well authenticated. It has been most wonderfully preserved, and that is one proof of its divine character. It has been lost, it cannot be lost. Other books have been lost, but they were the writings of men. This